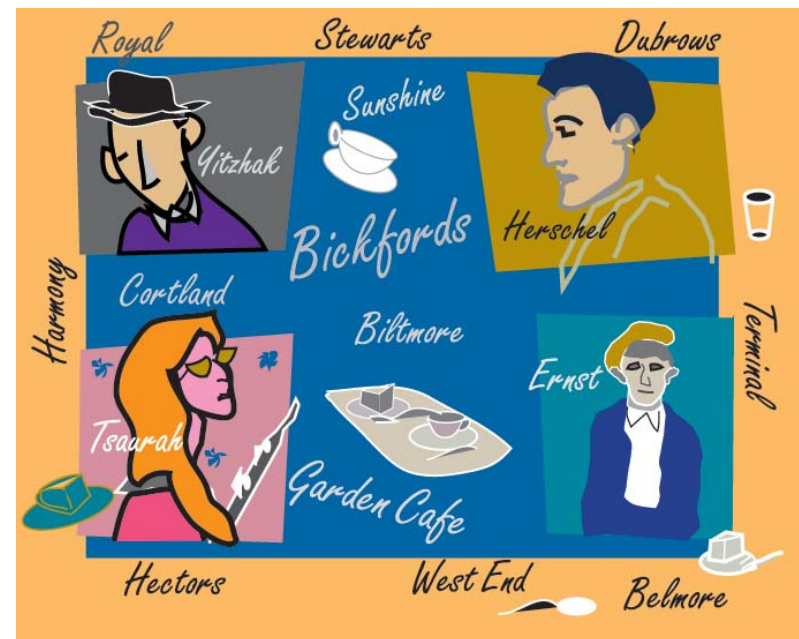


Chapter One

The Letter



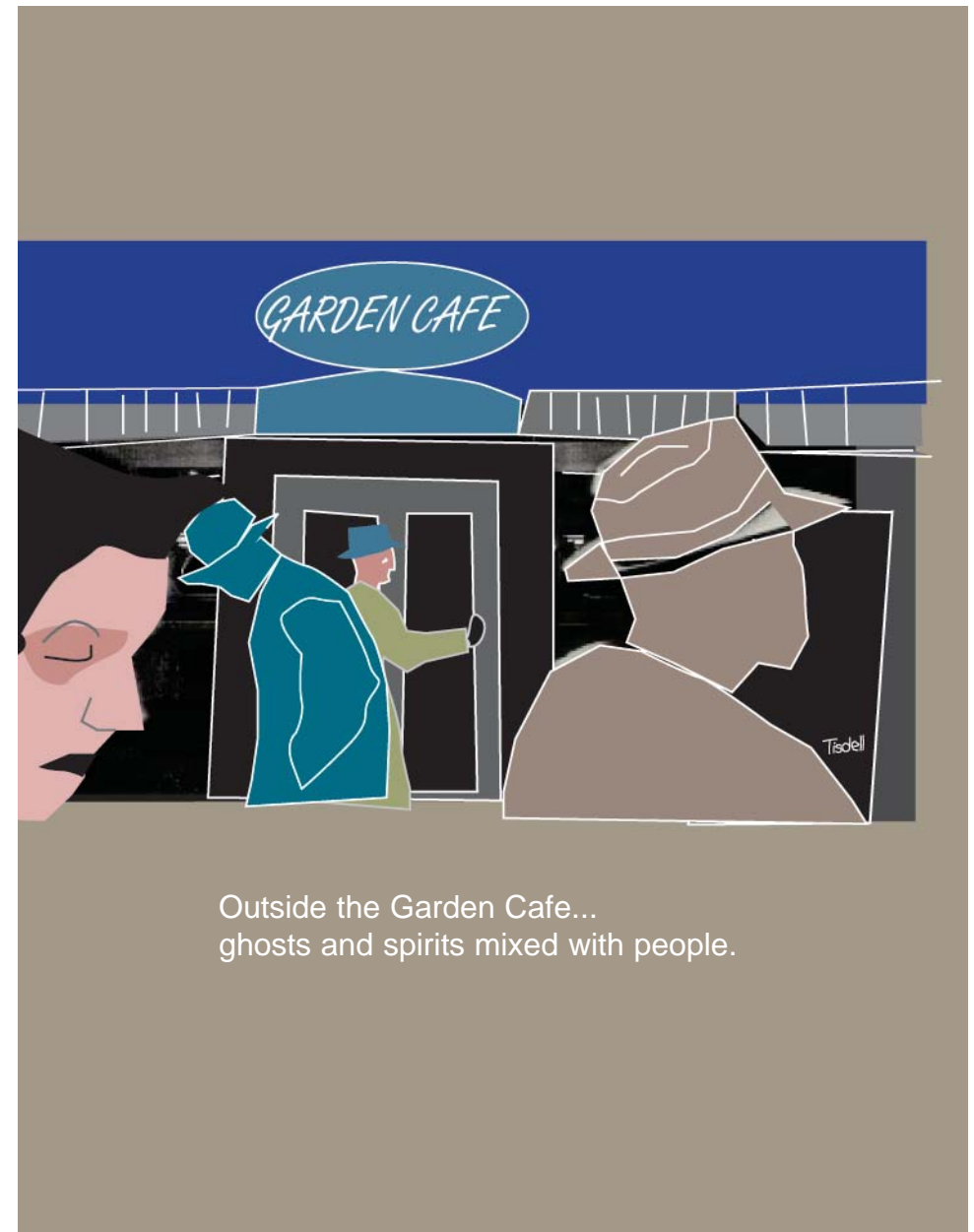


I can't. I'm meeting an old friend at The Garden. He's helping me with some business.

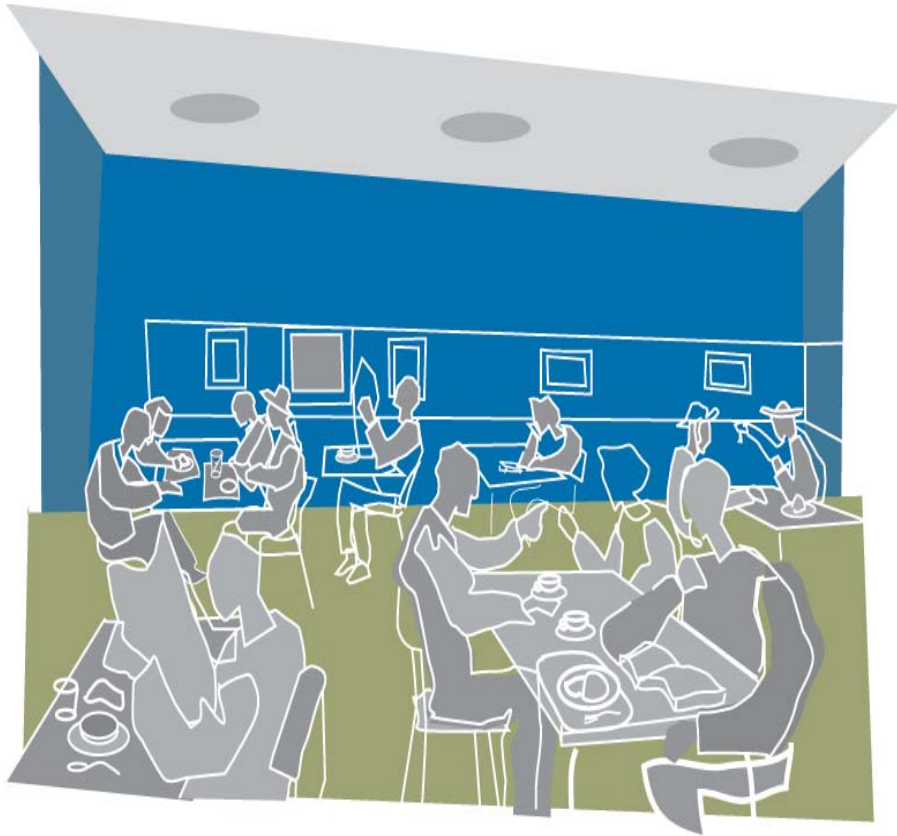


Throughout the city, the cafeteria served as a community meeting house where gossip was exchanged, problems were solved, and the battered soul could find a moment's peace away from the hubbub of city life.

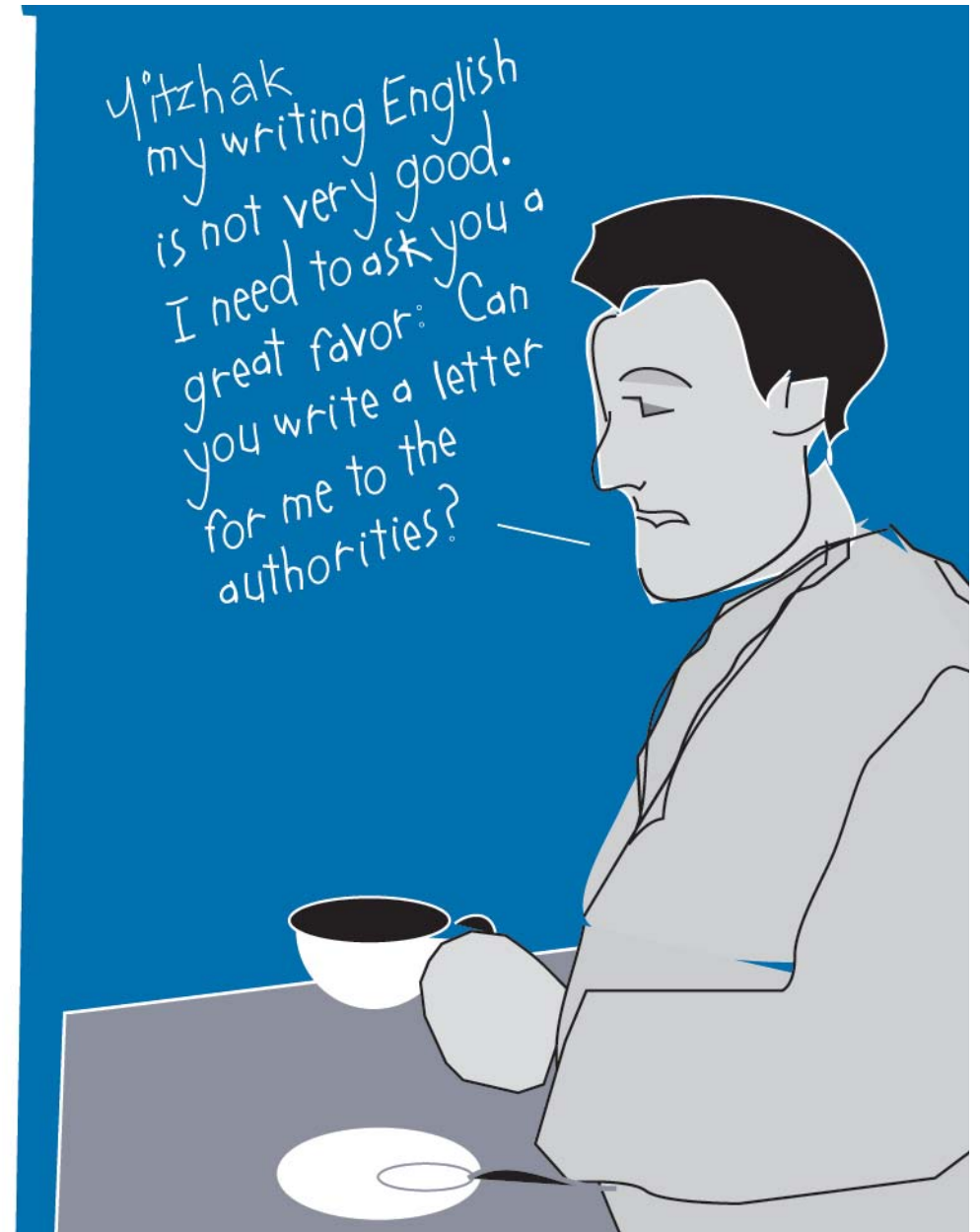
Cafeterias like Bickford's, Dubrow's, Hector's and the Garden Cafe were the meeting places for large segments of the Jewish community. These public eating places were essential to the social, political and cultural life of New York.



Outside the Garden Cafe...
ghosts and spirits mixed with people.



There were different cliques; Yiddishists, reporters from the Forward, chess players, Trotskyites, musicians, Kabbalists, anarchists, writers and poets, pinnochle players, industrialists, garment workers, factory owners, and Zionists.



Herschel explains his dilemma to Yitzhak.

I last saw my son in May 1939.
We set up his trains. After
he went to bed, I went into hiding.
Not because I was a Jew, but because of
my political associations.



Then Germany
invaded Poland,
and you know
the rest.





Dear Sir,

While reading the German Jewish newspaper The Aufbau here in New York City, I see a list with names of German-Jewish descent. I left my two year old boy Ernst and 19 year old wife Lena in Berlin in 1939 when I went into hiding. Somehow I survived the horrible murder and managed to come to this great country. My wife and child were sent Eack in 1943 and I never heard from them again.

My boy would be 10 years old now. Pleaa let me know if you can locate my son (if he is alive) or if you have his name on some list. I really hope you can help me find out if my son is alive. Thank you.

Yours truly,
Herschel Lesser